The match is made and all is done,
Your sonne shall haue my daughter with consent.
Tra. I thanke you sir, where then doe you know best
We be affied and such assurance tane,
As shall with either parts agreement stand.
Bap. Not in my house *Lucentio* for you know
Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie seruants,
Besides old *Gremio* is harkning still,
And happilie we may be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie: and there this night
Weele passe the businesse priuately and well:
Send for your daughter by your seruant here,
My boy shall fetch the Scriuener presentlie,
The worst is this that at so slender warning,
You are like to haue a thin and slender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio hie you home and bid *Bianca* make her readie straight:
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentios father is arriued in *Padua*,
And how she's like to be *Lucentios* wife.
Biond. I pray the Gods she may with all my heart.
Exit.
Tran. Dallie not with the Gods, but get thee gone.
Enter Peter.
Signior *Baptista* shall I leade the way,
Welcome, one messe is like to be your cheere,
Come sir we will better it in *Pisa*.
Exeunt.
Bap. I follow you.
Enter Lucentio and Biondello.
Bion. Cambio.
Luc. What saiest thou *Biondello*.
Biond. You saw my Master winke and laugh vpon you?
Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Biond. Faith nothing: but has left me here behinde to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee moralize them.
Biond. Then thus: *Baptista* is safe talking with the deceiuing Father of a deceitfull sonne.

Luc.

Luc. And what of him?
Biond His daughter is to be
Luc. And then.
Bion. The old Priest at Sain
mand at all houres.
Luc. And what of all this.
Bion. I cannot tell, expect t
feit assurance: take you assurance
mendum solem, to th' Church t
sufficient honest witnesses:
If this bee not that you looke f
But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer
Luc. Hear'st thou *Biondello*.
Biond. I cannot tarrie: I kn
noone as she went to the Garde
so may you sir: and so adew sir
goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid the Pr
come with your appendix.
Luc. I may and will, if she b
She will be pleasd, then wherefo
Hap what hap may, Ile roundl
It shall go hard if *Cambio* go wi
Enter Petruchio Kat
Petr. Come on a Gods name
Good Lord how bright and goo
Kate. The Moone, the Sunn
Put. I say it is the Moone th
Kate. I know it is the Sunne
Pet. Now by my mothers so
It shall be moone, or starre, or w
Or ere I iourney to your Fathers
Goe on, and fetch our horses ba
Euer more crost and crost noth
Hort. Say as he saies, or we
Kate. Forward I pray, since
And be it moone, or Sunne, or
And if you please to call it a rus
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so

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